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Inside: *Essay Contest*



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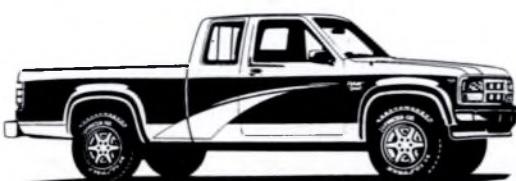
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CHRISTMAS MEMORIES

I always get a sentimental feeling when Christmas comes around. It was late grandmother's favourite holiday.

She used to like watching her great-grandchildren open their presents on Christmas mornings. Especially when they dug into their Christmas stockings.

She loved to see the children happy. Not only the little ones but her grandchildren and sons and her only daughter. She liked the idea of seeing happy faces on everyone she knew.

This is the second Christmas, we her family she left behind, will be celebrating without her. We still miss her and whenever we see happy faces on Christmas morning we know that she is happy to be there too.

This little passage was in remembrance of my later grandmother Annie Snowboy, who passed away on January 20, 1995. Written and remembered by Dina Snowboy in Chisasibi.

On the cover:
Nunavik winter.
Photo by Neil Diamond
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the Nation



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Christmas Reflections

Christmas is our favourite time of the year and like everyone else, my husband Albert and I try to make it as nice as possible for our family. With two grown children, Alice and Albert, and one very mature teenager, Eric having a young son like seven-year-old Simon gives everything we do at Christmas a different perspective (especially when he has a list a mile long). Now with a one-year-old grandson, Matthew, there will be the joy of seeing his little face light up as much as the tree.

I have so many happy Christmas memories of those days so long ago when I was a little girl living with my parents. My mother would make little cotton drawstring bags for each of us kids. These would be the "stockings" that we would hang up on Christmas Eve. The next morning, our little bags were full of candies. The bags felt so heavy to us and it seemed that we would have candy for the rest of the winter! We would eat them so carefully, one piece a day, to make them last.

One winter we lived in someone's house in Fort George during the winter. Every morning, it was freezing in the house because the fire had gone out. My father would shout at us not to get out of bed since the floor so cold. He would hop across the cold floor in his bare feet and start the fire and put the tea on. We always felt so cozy, lying under our feather blankets, with the bright reflections of the fire dancing on the frosty ceiling. My father would crack jokes and hand us our warm tea while we were still in bed. It is one of my favourite memories of him because he didn't do this for us only on Christmas morning but every morning.

My parents never got any gifts but my father would always tell us about the conversation he had with the "Old Man", Santa. We were so impressed that Santa talked to him. One year, my mother hung up a paper sugar bag for herself, just for fun. She laughed, saying that there would probably be nothing in it but I could tell she was a little hopeful. The next morning, we got our customary bags of candy and SHE got a Big Ben windup alarm clock! We were so excited and happy for her. We played with that clock so much because it had a luminous dial that glowed in the dark. James was always the doctor and Helen was the patient with measles (she really had measles). I was always the "doctor's helper".

Later on, we had to enter the Residential School in Fort George since our parents were in the bush and Christmases were something else again. The teachers and supervisors would get all the children together for gifts. This would be the first time we would see gifts wrapped in paper. It was almost too much. That one year, the girls got the same doll and the boys got guns. James got so excited when he saw they were getting real cowboy guns that he temporarily lost his hearing! The only odd thing was that Santa was so skinny that his belt was cinched up so tight. He didn't look at all like Santa we had seen in books. Then we recognized him. It wasn't Santa at



all, but Pat Orr! He danced a lot for us and we didn't mind that he was so skinny.

A few years later, we were sent to the Residential School in Sault Ste. Marie and we couldn't come home for Christmas. I don't remember that much about those years but our comfort was that we were with kids from our village. Some of us were lucky enough to get packages from home. My sister Eliza would always send a box and my brother Simon would send money whenever he could. It was so exciting to find a dollar bill in my letters from him. It must have been a quiet Christmas for our parents, with Luci, James, me and Helen away at the same time.

I really enjoy hearing Christmas stories on the community radio and to see how nicely people's homes are decorated. I guess this time of year brings out the artist in a lucky few. My best gift this year will be that our family will all be together. I hope that everyone will have a safe holiday and that this will be your best Christmas ever. Have a happy and prosperous new year.



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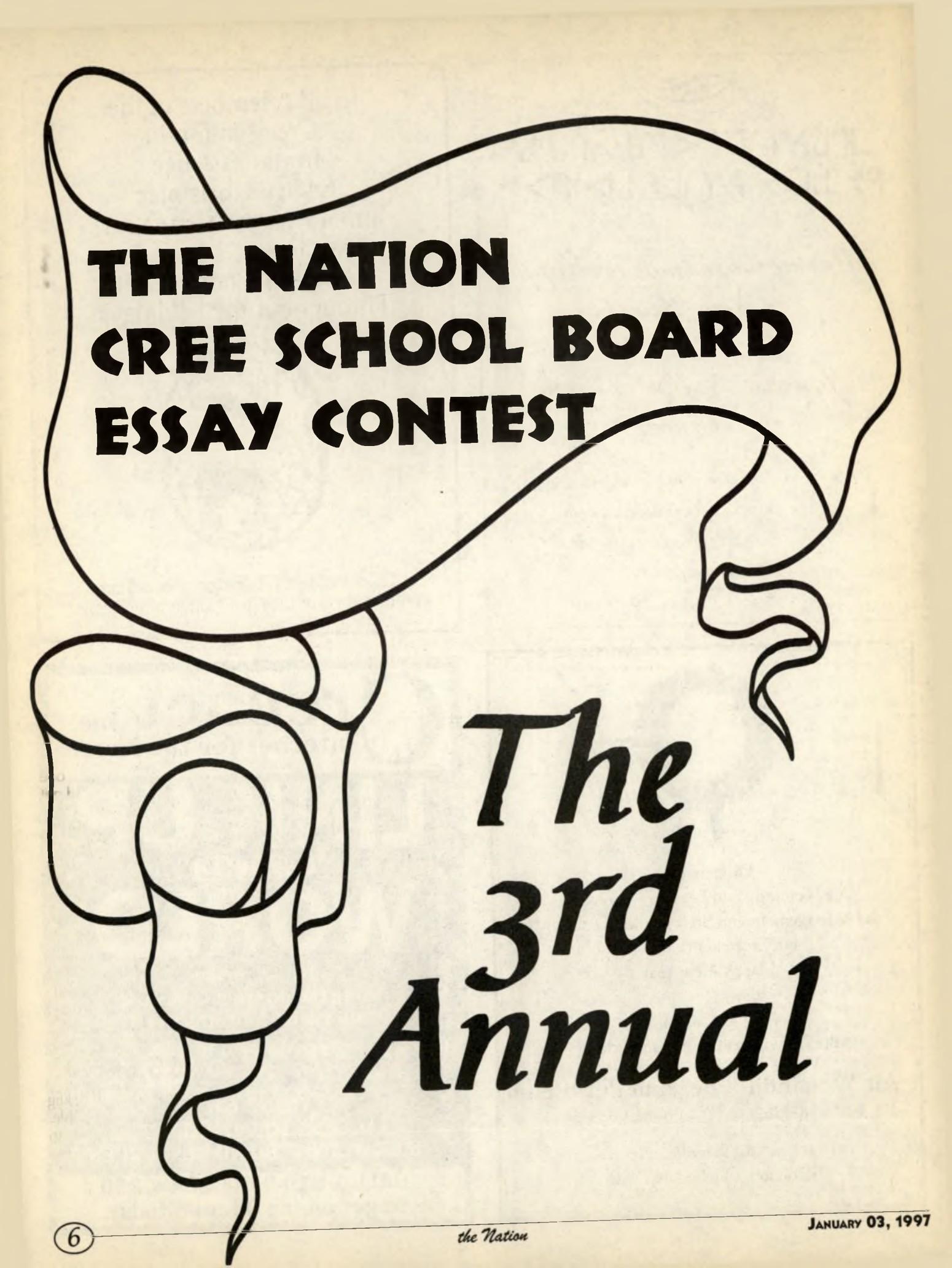
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THE NATION CREE SCHOOL BOARD ESSAY CONTEST

The 3rd Annual

Thank you to all of the students and teachers who participated in the 3rd Annual Essay Contest Of The Nation and the Cree School Board. We received many beautiful and well-written essays from Cree students. It was very hard for us to choose the winners for the \$2,000 in prizes. To those whose essays were not chosen, we thank you for your efforts and encourage you to keep writing. We will keep your contributions and print some of them in the New Year. To the winners, congratulations on your excellent work. And to all our readers, Happy New Year!

1ST PLACE

Overcoming the Adoush

By Ella Saganash
Waswanipi
as told by Evadney and the late Jossy Gunner

This is one of the many stories that Evadney Gunner and Jossy Gunner shared with me and that I can remember so well although I first heard it in 1970. This story took place in 1947 when Morley and Sam were babies. I will start with Evadney's part of the story, then Jossy's version of the story.

Evadney: When we went to our trap line in the fall we camped with other families like Samuel and Philomene Mianscum. That fall I was expecting a child and we had to stay with Philomene and her husband. Philomene insisted that they should stay with us until I delivered my baby. She was worried that if they left us alone her parents would be angry with her. After I had my baby I was well enough to look after myself. They went to their hunting ground and we did the same.

In the beginning of the winter after we settled in our winter camp Jossy would go alone to see his beaver trap and sometimes he would go for a few days. My two children and I would be alone in our camp. Something happened to me when I was alone like I felt that someone was coming to harm us. This awful feeling started to have an effect on me in some ways, like I would not let my baby cry at all for I was scared that someone might hear him. This was strange as we did not have neighbours for many miles around. We were alone in the midst of wilderness in the Far North. It got to the point that I would beg Jossy not to leave me alone with the children. It got worse so that I could not eat and I was constantly worried about something. I was starting to feel sick and depressed, then one day I was staring at the spruce-bough floor and it looked as if it was moving. Even at night I would not let the candle burn and even made sure that the stove was not on too hot. Jossy noticed that I was not feeling well and assured me that we would move this camp soon.

One day Jossy was gone to check on his traps and was gone for a few days. I was required to hunt for small game like partridge,



"...putting the bullet in my gun the bullet felt so heavy in my hand as if it was powerful or strong that I felt the weight. With trembling hands I put it in my gun."

rabbits and to keep us from starving while he was gone. So one time Jossy told me to check up on the fish hooks that he had put out before he left. I decided to do that after he was gone. So, I took both of my children and put them on a toboggan and was all set to go and I put on my snowshoes and headed towards the lake in the direction where the fish honks were. This horrible feeling started to creep up on me as if someone was watching from the nearby mountain. I was so scared that I wanted to check the fish hooks as fast as I could.

There was a couple of fish on the lines and I took them off with trembling hands and put the hooks back in the hole of the ice. I headed home toward our camp and walked as fast as I could. This scary feeling was overwhelming as I came close to the tent and I was so scared that I was afraid to go inside the tent. I felt that someone might be even waiting inside the tent so I took my oldest child and sent him inside first and he came back and said that it is okay; no one is there. Then we went inside and at this time I felt so weak because of the fear I had experienced.

When Jossy came back he began to notice that I was not feeling so well and I begged him to move to our camp as soon as possible. He must have sensed that I was serious and agreed to move to another camp. Within a few days we moved our camp. I was more relaxed in our new camp and felt much better and happier. My son Morley would play outside and feed the whiskeyjans (birds).

Cont'd on page 8

Jossy: I had to go back to the camp we left behind to check on my beaver traps. It took a couple of days to reach the camp. I made a shelter and made fire to keep warm. I slept under the stars that night and I had a dream. I dreamt that an owl was covering me, keeping me warm and as I woke I felt the tips of the wings touching, brushing and tickling on my face. When I woke up that morning there was an owl on a tree right above me hooting like it wants to tell me something. I felt rested and headed out to my destination.

As I was approaching our old camp, I felt this overwhelming fear come over me suddenly. I could not quite understand it but the fear was so strong that I clung on my gun very hard. Nevertheless, I did not turn back, I kept on going. I could not believe what was happening to me and I took my 30-30 rifle and took out a bullet to put in it. This is not done in Cree tradition; you are not to load your gun until you see game. Before putting the bullet in my gun the bullet felt so heavy in my hand as if it was powerful or strong that I felt the weight. With trembling hands I put it in my gun.

I kept on walking toward the camp and as I was coming out of the other side of the lake I could see the camp from there. It looked kind of strange and disturbed and I could see that there were sticks scattered around in the middle of the lake as if someone had thrown them away. It looked like someone had come there and was mad that no one was there. Even the main pole of the tent was stuck in the snow where it had landed as if someone threw it.

Seeing all this I was scared, but I still kept on walking to the camp and was wondering who could do such a thing. Someone had vandalized the camp, throwing left-over wood and the poles that were used to support the tent. I could see the footprints of the person. They were not human—it had long claws and they were as long as a mecaheegun (shovel made out of wood). The footprints were all over the campsite and this person was sure hungry and he was eating all the garbage, even the bones of the animals that I had hung on the tree. He was even eating the baby excrement from the moss that my wife had threw away. Moss is used for baby diapers. He went as far as taking and eating all the excrement he had found. I guess when he finished eating he took a rest. I could see the imprint; it was eight feet tall where he was lying down where the tent was. He took the split wood and placed it in a pile in the corner where he could put his head. He laid down from corner to cross corner and he was so tall that his feet were over the other corner onto the snow. I guess he took a good rest.

But at this time the old men in Mistissini were gathering together to plan to put him away for good. They contacted each other through the shaking tent and telepathy as there were no telephones in those days. But they can still communicate to each other this way effectively through this process. This gang consisted of at least six Cree men from different areas of Mistissini, Waswanipi and Nemaska, and they were planning to throw him away as far away as possible by using their supernatural powers.

My father-in-law was the leader of these men. He was the one



Ella Saganash



who was sending these messages to his daughter about the danger that was coming our way. The fear that Evadney felt was the signal to leave the place and that she sensed that someone was watching her. He was watching her and he was there in spirit and sort of protecting her from dangers. He was in Mistissini Post and he used to sit beside the stove with a blanket wrap around him and meditate. His mustache would have icicles as if he was sitting outside in the cold. His wife told us this when we came back.

Meanwhile, I am walking around our campsite and I saw where he was walking towards the trail where we used to get our wood and he must have followed that trail. I walked and followed his tracks... He was walking a little ways and I can tell where the wind must have started to picked up. The small trees were all broken and twisted by the wind and it looked like someone was breaking them on purpose and the tips of the trees were broken and his tracks were slowly disappearing where he must have been lifted by the powerful wind. I could see that he was grabbing and tried to hang on to the trees. The area where he was picked up by the wind looked like a battlefield and he sure put up quite a struggle.

The wings of the owl that I felt covering me were my father-in-law's protective animal spirit... The bullet that I used to load my gun, the reason why it was so heavy is that this single bullet was loaded with all the bullets that he fired during his life time. If I had to fire it, it would have surely killed the Adoush. All this he told me when we came back to Mistissini.

Evadney: We arrived in Mistissini that summer, my father was so happy to see us especially the children As soon as our canoe hit the shore he grabbed both children and tugged them in each arm, at the same time hugging and kissing them. The first thing he asked me was did something happen at the camp during the winter. He carried the children to his tent and we followed him. As soon as we all finished eating he wanted to know about our winter. He began to tell us that he was there and watching over us even though he was in Mistissini and he knew that the Adoush was coming towards our camp. To prove that he was watching over us.... he described the setting of our camp even though he was not there in physical sense. He described it exactly the way it was in every detail, the tent, the bush, the mountain the lake etc. He said that even saw his grandson feed the whiskeychans.

2ND PLACE

Life With the Big Boss

by Thomas Bosum
Secondary 2
Ouje-Bougoumou

I was born in 1942 in the bush, during the spring time. My mother gave me rabbit soup because my mother didn't have any milk. She gave me this instead of milk. As I grew up, my dad taught me how to hunt and how to live in our culture. I used to kill animals like squirrels, birds and other small animals. I used to make traps for the animals. My brothers and I used to play hunt. We would pretend that we were hunting and killing animals.

When the winter came it was cold, but it was time of the year. When it was Christmas night our mother used to tell us to go to bed early. At night, my mom and dad would take some rabbit, bannock and sweet stuff and wrap it with a piece of table cloth. When it was morning we would open the stuff they had given us. We would be very happy because sweet stuff meant a lot to us.

As I grew older I had to go away to school. I didn't want to go to school, and my parents didn't want me to go to school, but the white people took me anyway. I went to school in Moose Factory. I didn't know how to speak English very well. It was very painful. I had to learn not to speak my own language. I wouldn't see my parents until Christmas, or on a few of the holidays. Sometimes I remained at school all year because my parents were way out in the bush so they couldn't get me. It was hard for me, because I couldn't be with my parents. I finished school when I was in grade 3 and I returned to the bush to learn more about my culture. I didn't always live with my parents. I lived with a variety of different people, such as friends and grandparents. I moved to many different places.

As I grew to be a teenager, I learned how to hunt and how to survive in the bush. In the fall I lived with my parents on our hunting ground. One day we didn't have any food. My dad was sick. He had a bad fever, so I had to hunt for the food. My mom packed my bags. She packed enough bannock and tea to last me for the day. My mom told me that I had to leave as soon as the sun came up. The next day I left and said good-bye to my parents. It was a long walk until I saw moose tracks. They were fresh. I said to myself that they were made the previous night. I followed the moose tracks for



The Black Panthers

about three or four hours until I at last saw the moose. I lowered my gun and pointed it at the moose, ready to shoot. I pulled the trigger and then I ran after it. Then, I saw another one. I hadn't realized that there were two of them. I shot the other one. I had killed two moose. I cut the two moose up and took some meat home. I hid the rest of the meat so I could return for it the next day. It was getting dark when I got home. I opened my bag and showed it to my mom and dad. They were very happy because I had killed my first moose. The next day my friends and I went to get the meat that I had left behind. When I returned back, my father said that we would have meat to last us for a while.

The following day we moved to another place. We traveled for about two days. We made a cabin. My dad said, We have to finish this before the winter comes. As winter arrived, we finished the cabin. We didn't have a ski-doo to travel with, so we used dogs to travel in the winter. It was a hard life in the old days. It wasn't easy to get food in the winter. Spring brought the time for the geese to return from the south. We didn't kill many geese because my dad only had a 12-gauge rifle. We couldn't afford to buy guns. As I became an adult, at 20 years of age, my dad gave me my first 30-30. I still have my gun, and I still use it for hunting.

At age 22 I started to work. I worked at the mine near Chibougamau. I had a real job, but I couldn't stop thinking about the bush. So I gave my job to my brother Sam. I told him that I wanted to hunt and live in the bush. I returned to the bush and felt much better. In the fall, when the bear was fat, I made a trap. I checked the bear trap every week. When I trapped a bear I would take it to my father's friend Robert. They had a daughter named Anna. I visited them a lot. Anna and I were married in Chibougamau in 1969. We had our first child soon after our marriage, and called him Antonio. I wasn't at home very much at that time because I had a problem with drinking.

I went to a movie once and saw a show about the jungle. I saw a beautiful animal called a Black Panther. I designed and made a head of a Black Panther on my leather jacker, and I started a gang. I was alone at first. Then some of my brothers joined me. Later, a few of my friends joined us. Thus started the gang called the Black Panthers. I was the leader of the gang. We had a lot of fights, but we were never defeated. I was sent to jail a lot of times.

Sometimes there were religious services in our area, but I really never paid any attention. I wouldn't bother listening. I would just go and drink. For some reason, however, at one service I went to the front and became a Christian. My life was changed. It wasn't easy being a Christian. It was hard. I had to quit smoking and drinking, but I quit.

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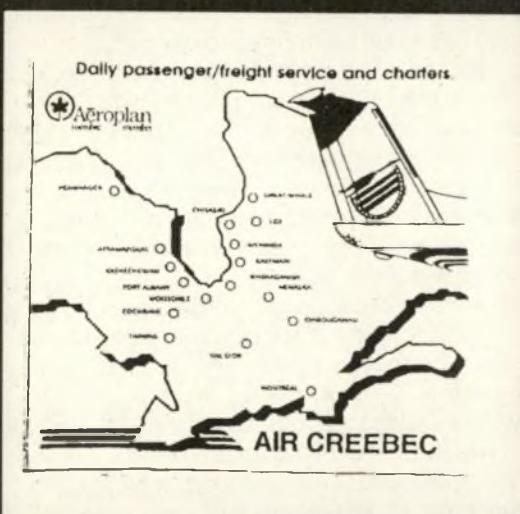
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At the age of 34, the hunting wasn't very good, but we didn't starve. We always found something to eat. I had 10 kids by that time. We lived in the bush. When we needed goods such as flour or milk I would drive to town with my ski-doo and have them brought back by plane. I would pay for them with the fur that I had. That's how I got my money. I saved a lot of money because I wanted to buy a truck. It took my about a year to get enough money to buy the truck. I also had to get my driver's license first. It took two months until I got it. By this time I had 11 children. I taught them the traditional way of life.

I started to keep sled dogs because I missed doing that. I have my own tour now, and I have a dog sled team. Now I'm over 50 years old. I'm getting old. I will give my hunting ground to one of my boys—the one who goes with me in the bush all the time. I hope that my kids don't forget what we have taught them. I thank my Dad for teaching me the Cree way of life. I hope my boys will continue our traditional way of life.

I dedicated this story to my Dad.

3rd PLACE

My Mother's Story

By Minnie Marie Capissit
Waapitiwewan School
Ouje-Bougoumou

Dedication:

I dedicate this story to my loving and caring parents, Billy and Clara Capissit. I wouldn't have written this story if it hadn't been for the both of you. Thanks for everything you have taught me. I love you both so, so much.

I was born in Nemaska, Quebec, in 1960. I lived with my parents in Nemaska. There were about twenty families that resided there at that time. We had only one store. It was a small store called the Hudson Bay Company. It had what we needed, such as food and other items. There wasn't any real employment at the time. Hunters would trade their furs for supplies. Despite the hardships, I remember everyone was happy in those days. We would listen to our elders telling stories to each other. Children played and ran around while their mothers chatted away with other families. Children were sent away to other communities to go to school.

I remember the first time we were sent away to another school. We went down to the river with our flour bag under our arm, which held one change of clothes. We didn't have hand bags or suitcases back then. We traveled by boat to get on the plane. I remember the plane looked like a water bomber - maybe it was.

I was six years old the first time I left for school. Our parents were standing by the shore. They kissed and hugged us good-bye. I remember some kids were crying. We held them in our arms and told them to stop crying. We felt homesick and we missed our

parents.

The first year, I went to school in Moose Factory. The second year, I went to Fort George. That year I spent a full year in school, I didn't even go home for Christmas or Easter holidays. I left for school in the month of September, and didn't see my parents for ten months. When I came home for the summer I remember my parents were really happy to see me. I was delighted to see them also. I remember their laughter and smiles. They were so happy for all of us to be together again.

In the year of 1969, when we got home from school, my parents told us that we had to move to another place. They told us that we could not stay in Nemaska any longer. They were building a dam in the James Bay area and it would change the landscape due to the rising waters. The government gave us three places that we could move to. We chose Mistassini, because most of the families were moving there. We wanted to be close to the other families. So, we left Nemaska that summer. We flew out by plane. Everybody felt home sick after leaving Nemaska. When we arrived in Mistassini we met a lot of friends and family. This helped. We began to like it there. At that time Mistassini was not as big as it is right now. There

were only a few tents when we got there, and they were building log cabins. They built us a small shack, which was twelve feet by fourteen feet. There were 12 of us who stayed in that shack. I don't know, now, how we all fit into that shack, but we survived. I went to school for

three years in Mistassini. Then, I had to go to school in La Tuque for one year. I missed my parents and my brothers and sisters. That was my last year in school. I was in secondary 1-2.

After that I spent most of my years in the bush with my parents. I learned a lot from the knowledge, skills and experiences of my parents about living in the bush. I learned different kinds of things. Like how to clean animals, to cook, and to sew, to keep the tent clean, and to get water and wood. I enjoyed living in the bush.

In 1977 I got married. My husband and I lived on the lands where the village of Ouje-bougoumou resides now. This is the hunting territory of my husband. His family grew up there and lived around there before the village was built. We used to have our tents where the Capissit Lodge is right now.

Now we have four children. They have grown here. At first they attended school in Chibougamau and they used to stay in boarding homes. They came home for Christmas and Easter holidays. We missed them when they were in school.

Then came the day when we were told that our people would build a reserve here at this place for the Ouje-bougoumou people. Negotiations were opened with the Government for us (the people of Ouje-bougoumou) to have a reserve here. It took a long time. We had to support our chief. We made peace marches in Chibougamau and made blockades of the roads near there. People

I was six years old the first time I left for school. Our parents were standing by the shore. They kissed and hugged us good-bye. I remember some kids were crying. We held them in our arms and told them to stop crying.



began to move down here for the summer. In the winter they would go back to their trap lines.

The summer of Negotiations went through, the Government agreed to build our reserve. They built some cabins for us. We had electricity in the cabins, but no running water. They brought in two trailers. There were two bathrooms in each trailer and two bathtubs, two washing machines and two dryers. In these trailers we had running water.

Some people went away for training courses. Some people started working on the infrastructure and on the planning of the village. My husband helped with the urban planning for the community. He was the Assistant Housing Construction Manager.

Today, we have a house we can call home. The year they started building our home I sent in my application to work in housing. It was good to be doing something. I had taken a basic carpenter course in Mistassini some years back and started work renovating cabins. I liked working in housing.

In 1993 we moved into our new house. We were so happy to have a place to stay. My children were happy to have their own rooms. My daughter is now attending school here in Ouje-Bougoumou. My other daughter is also attending adult education here. My son is living in Val d'Or and attending school there. My baby daughter is here at home with me. She was born one year after we moved into our new home.

I am happy to be part of the Ouje-Bougoumou people. We have struggled for so many years. Today, I am proud to see what the people of Ouje-Bougoumou have accomplished. I am proud of our elders. They prayed for this community and wanted their children to have a brighter future. Most of all I thank God for making everything possible for all of us here in Ouje-Bougoumou, and for helping us to succeed though-out all these years.

Maamuitaa

On CBC TV

January 11 and 12

Maamuitaaú presents a year end review of events and activities that affected Cree communities and individuals during 1996.

January 18 and 19

Today we bring you highlights of the Cree musical festival Maamu Nikamutaau which held last year in Ouje-Bougoumou.

January 25 and 26

How far will a community go to keep it alcohol free. **Maamuitaa** bring you the story of Waskaganish and its unusual methods of stopping the flow of alcohol. Also on the show a visit with Cree elder Helen Whiskeychan.

Watch Maamuitaa:

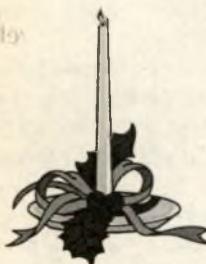
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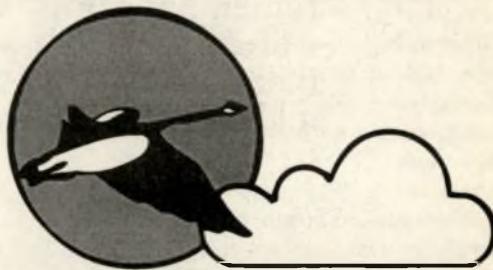
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CREE NATION OF **WEMINDJI**



*Wishing the entire Cree Nation
Happy Holidays,
and all the best for 1997!
Let's make the most of the
New Year, together.
Best wishes from the
Chief and council of the
Cree Nation of Wemindji*

1ST PLACE

Les effets du modernisme sur les Cris

par Tina Iserhoff
Secondaire V, français
Ecole Eeyou de la Baie-James

Quels ont été les effets du modernisme sur les amérindiens? De façon plus spécifique, je vais parler des effets de la Convention de la Baie James sur la population Crie. Premièrement, je me suis intéressé à la situation géographique et historique de mon peuple. Ensuite, je vais parler un peu de la Convention de la Baie-James pour pouvoir, à la fin, décrire ses effets.

Le territoire de la Baie James est à l'est de la frontière de l'Ontario. Il est délimité au sud par le 49^e parallèle, au nord par le 55^e parallèle et à l'est par le Golf St-Laurent. Ce territoire est recouvert par le neige pendant sept à huit mois dans l'année. L'hiver est longue et très froid. La température peut varier entre -30 degrés et -40 degrés Celsius. En 1975, au moment de la Convention de la Baie James, la population totale des amérindiens Cris et Inuits de la région était de 9,302. Aujourd'hui, la population a pratiquement doublée.

Historiquement, le premier rapport sur l'existence des amérindiens de la Baie James a été écrit en 1672 par le père Albanel. L'anthropologue Harvey Feit a montré que les amérindiens habitaient la région depuis beaucoup plus longtemps. Des scientifiques ont montré que les amérindiens Cris actuels sont les descendants directs de ceux qui vivaient là au 17^e siècle. Jusqu'à la fin du 19^e siècle, les amérindiens vivaient en harmonie avec les autres populations, car ils rencontraient peu de monde.

Cependant, la situation a changé au 20^e siècle quand on a commencé à faire des recherches pour exploiter les richesses du nouveau Québec. Dès ce moment là, le gouvernement, les compagnies et les industriels ont construit des routes, des barrages, et des camps des travail. La population Cris a commencé à protester au début des années 70. Ils ont protesté parce qu'on ne leur avait pas demandé leur accord pour construire les barrages hydro-électriques. Le 15 novembre 1972 les Cris ont amené le gouvernement provincial en cour. Un traité a été signé en 1975 appelé la Convention de la Baie James. Cette convention a été faite pour protéger les droits des amérindiens et leur donner le droit sur leurs territoires de chasse et de pêche. En échange le gouvernement obtient le droit d'exploiter les richesses naturelles souterraines mais seulement dans des secteurs limités. Après des négociations traînant en longueur, le gouvernement provincial fit une offre finale en octobre 1974, avec une date limite d'acceptation



fixée au 10 novembre. Quelques jours avant la date limite, le Chef Billy Diamond fit une conférence de presse à Montréal pour annoncer l'acceptation par les Indiens de l'offre gouvernementale. Malgré son regret d'avoir signé il fit une déclaration pleine de joie: "Une grande victoire des 6,000 Cris contre les 6,000,000 de Québécois."

Aujourd'hui, 20 ans après, on découvre que cette convention a eu beaucoup d'effets sur la vie de la population Crie et sur l'environnement. La construction des barrages hydro-électriques a eu des effets sur l'environnement. Les territoires de chasse ont été inondé et ont noyé beaucoup d'animaux comme les castors et les caribous. Aucun animal n'a survécu aux inondations. Les chasseurs ont dû changer de territoires de chasse. A cause des barrages hydro-électriques les rivières sont devenues pollués par le mercure. Les poissons ont été contaminés et ceux qui en ont mangés sont devenus malades.

La convention a eu aussi des effets socio-économiques sur la population Crie. Premièrement, comme effet positif, les amérindiens ont eu l'électricité et l'eau. En 1972 la majorité de la population n'avait pas encore d'électricité ni d'eau courante dans leur maison. Un autre effet positif est que les nouvelles infrastructures donnent plus de facilités pour se déplacer sur le territoire. Plusieurs routes se sont construites entre les communautés Cris ce qui permet plus d'échanges. Du côté économique les gens ont trouvé plus de travail. Les Cris ont aussi pu prendre en charge leur éducation eux-mêmes. Cela a permis l'enseignement de la langue Crie qui n'était pas permise au paravant par les missionnaires.

Cependant il y a eu des effets négatifs. L'arrivée de la télévision a soudainement réduit les activités physiques et sociales des Cris qui étaient nécessaires à leur survie auparavant. Avec l'électricité évidemment, les gens veillaient plus tard. Le modernisme a rendu l'accès à l'alcool et à la drogue plus facile. Beaucoup d'abus ont été fait.

Comme vous avez vu, il y a eu beaucoup d'effets positifs et négatifs à la Convention de la Baie James. Les travaux ont été fait sans études très sérieuses sur les effets secondaires. Le projet d'Hydro-Québec a projeté les amérindiens dans le 20^e siècle et ils n'étaient pas du tout préparés. En faite, comme le dit Billy Diamond, ils n'avaient pas d'autre choix que signer: "Nous réalisons que beaucoup d'amis que nous avons eus pendant notre opposition au projet nous étiquetterons comme trai. J'espère que vous pourrez tout comprendre nos sentiments; ça été un dur combat, notre peuple est encore très opposé au projet mais réalise qu'il doit partager les ressources," a annoncé le Chef Billy Diamond.

2nd PLACE

Une personne importante pour moi

Pierrette Salt
Waskaganish
Ecole Wiinibekuu School

Bonjour, je m'appelle Pierrette Salt. Je suis en secondaire 2 français. Je vais vous parler d'une personne importante pour moi; c'est ma grandmère. Elle s'appelle Hilda Salt. Elle a 54 ans, elle habite ici à Waskaganish. Ses parents s'appelaient Isaiah Hester et Minnie MacLeod. Son père est mort le 4 octobre 1975 et sa mère est morte le 15 septembre 1990.

Je vais vous dire ce qu'elle aime faire ici à Waskaganish et dans le bois. Elle aime travailler au restaurant. Elle aime aussi travailler chez nous. Elle adore aller dans le bois avec mon grand-père et elle aime faire de la bannique. Elle aime cuire les ourardes et les canardes dans le bois. Elle aime aussi travailler dans notre maison dans le bois et j'aide ma grand-mère.

Troisièmement, je vais vous dire ce qu'elle n'aime pas faire ici, à Waskaganish, et dans le bois. Elle n'aime pas faire du ménage chez nous parce qu'elle est vieille maintenant. Elle n'aime pas non plus aller dans le bois quand il fait froid dehors.

J'adore ma grand-mère.

3rd PLACE

Une personne importante pour moi

Angela Ottereyes
Secondaire 2 français
Waskaganish
Ecole Wiinibekuu School

Bonjour, lecteurs et lectrices de la revue "The Nation". Je m'appelle Angela Ottereyes. J'ai 13 ans et j'étudie à l'école Wiinibekuu à Waskaganish. Je suis en deuxième secondaire.

Je voudrais vous parler d'une personne importante pour moi. Cette personne s'appelle Josephine Isaac Blackned. Elle est importante pour moi parce qu'elle est ma grand-mère. Elle a 77 ans. Elle a des cheveux blancs et gris. Elle avait les cheveux noirs avant.

Elle a eu 12 enfants. Les noms de ses enfants sont: Elizabeth Jolly, Edward Blackned, Ronald Blackned, Beulah Hester, Janie Cowboy, Willie Blackned, Billy Blackned, Thomas Blackned, Hugo Blackned, Richard Blackned et Simeon Blackned. Elle a eu trois filles et neuf garçons.

Les parents de ma grand-mère sont: Walter Katapatuk et Frances Butterfly. Frances avait 15 ans quand elle a marié mon grand-père. Son mari s'appelle Walter Blackned. Mon grand-père Walter aide ma grand-maman parce qu'elle est malade. Leurs fils Billy vit avec eux.

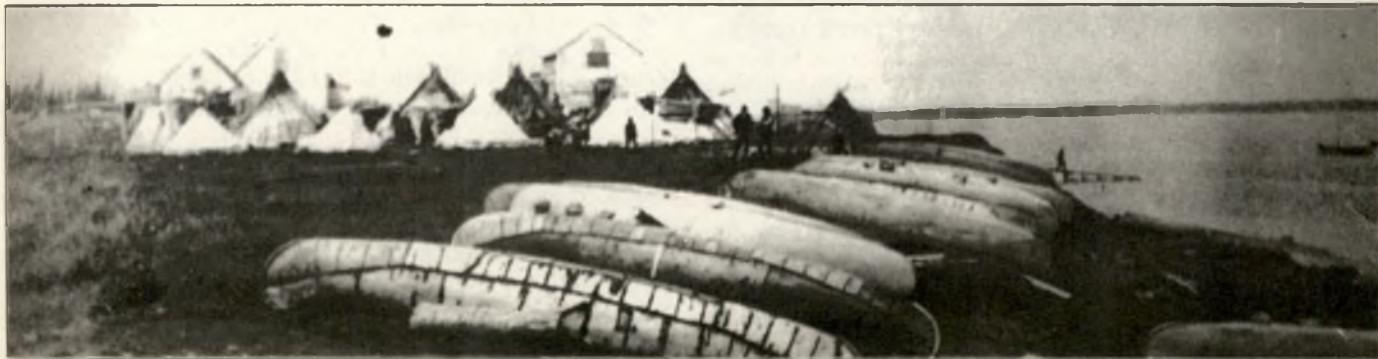
J'aime ma grand-mère parce qu'elle faisait de la couture. Elle faisait des mitaines pour moi et mes cousins. Elle aimait cuire de la viande et faire de la bannique.

Je vivais avec ma grand-mère quand j'étais petite. J'aimais vivre avec elle. Nous pouvions aller au magasin. Maintenant, on ne peut plus aller au magasin avec elle parce qu'elle est malade.

Elle ne fait plus de couture parce qu'elle éternue quand elle est proche de la peau de caribou: elle est allergique maintenant. Elle faisait beaucoup d'artisanats: des mitaines, des pantoufles, des bas de laine, etc...

Elle vit ici à Waskaganish. Elle est née à Moosonee, Ontario. Je ne sais pas comment elle est devenue malade. Quand il y a un feu ici, au banc de gravier, elle est allée à Val d'Or avec Billy.

J'aime ma grand-mère.



Runner up

Destroying the humanity in women

Anonymous
L.M.
Waskaganish
Ecole Wiinibekuu School

As I was watching the news last night, I did a lot of thinking. I thought I should write an essay in English for this, so I chose this topic because I think it's important to know how much imbalance there is between men and women. It is a mixture of many issues in today's society that's destroying the humanity in women. I believe that no women no matter how young or old should ever be robbed of herself. You've heard it happen in the news—world-wide, women play a major role in life and so do the men, but why is it destroying the humanity?

Many women are paralyzed of fear: afraid of molestation, rape, physical and emotional abuse. For example: Women are molested every day in a world where we convinced ourselves everybody was free, as if bound by invisible chains, imprisoned in a world of men. Many victim's eyes are searching for help but people are oblivious to what's happening in our society.

Rape is a major part in a crime. Men are convicted, sentenced because of this crime, forcing women to satisfy their needs. It is a crime against humanity. It's taking away the identity of women and the need of children which is half of the population in this world.

Women are abused sexually, emotionally and physically. They

are treated like virtual hostages. What did they ever do to deserve such violence? A lot of these women are fragile. My thoughts are for them, for their valiant struggles.

It's degrading to see such brutality against women. What little comfort is found while women are coping with what has occurred in their lives.

Some women feel that they're better off that they had never even been born, which gives them low self-esteem and also hatred against males.

Although some women think they're safe it can still happen to you or to someone you know. There is help. Don't let it get in the way. Don't let anything stop you, do what you're aiming for in your life. There is one question that we can never stop asking ourselves, "When is it going to end?"

Molestation, rape, sexual, physical and emotional abuse are taking the identity of women.

Watching TV, you can learn a lot in a good way.

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Welcoming the New Year

Another year has come and gone. Many challenges have been faced by the James Bay Cree First Nations that we have overcome together.

This coming year will bring new challenges and decisions that Crees will have to act upon to ensure that the Cree future is a bright one for our children and the future generations.

Twenty-one years ago, the Cree people signed the first of the Agreements that affected our lives. We can see the many changes that this Agreement brought about. This and other Agreements lie unfulfilled, and in the New Year we will continue to remind the Federal and Provincial governments of their obligations and of our rights.

A New Year is upon us. We step into the future united and strong, with the faith and perseverance that has guided us thus far. To each and every one of you, all the best in the coming year.



Àr-*<đđ°ł -řřđ>đ°ł đ-ñłđđđ (JVL)*
Grand Council of the Crees (of Quebec)
Grand Conseil des Cris (du Québec)

ΔΡΥ CREE REGIONAL AUTHORITY
ADMINISTRATION RÉGIONALE CRÉE



Runner up

A Boat Ride With My Mother

by Benjamin Abraham Shecapio Blacksmith
Waaphitiwewan School
Ouje-Bougoumou

In 1957 my family and I were in the bush because my father was working. His job was line-cutting. He got paid \$1,000 every two weeks. My mother didn't have a job because she didn't want one, because she wanted to cook for my father. All I ever did was to go blueberry picking for my mother and father to make blueberry jam.

One day I went swimming with my dog. I swam for about an hour and then I stepped out of the water. I heard a noise. At first I thought it was just my dog, but he had been with me all the time. Then I thought it was a squirrel. My dog started to bark so I began to be scared. I ran as fast as I could. I didn't care about my dog, all I cared about was our tent and my mother.

When I got home I woke my mother up and I told her what had happened when I had gone swimming. She laughed. I asked what was so funny. She told me that it was her who had scared me.

We laughed almost all day long. As soon as my father got home we told him the whole story. He just laughed. All day I was so embarrassed.

Then my mother told me to go get some water. She said that there was not enough water left in the camp to last beyond the end of the day. I fetched a pail of water. Soon it was night time and we got ready for bed. We were just about to go to sleep when we heard a noise in the back of the tent. My mother went out to check.

When my mother came back she told us it was just an owl that was catching a mouse. We went to sleep. The next day I woke up at 9:00 a.m.. My mother and father were still sleeping. I went out to go to the washroom and I heard a car coming. Then I saw my brother and his wife coming down the road. In the back of the truck there was a moose that my brother had killed. He brought a gun with him and some shells. We were going to have some fun. I went inside the tent to wake my parents up and to tell them that my brother was here. My father jumped up and bumped his head. I guess he forgot that the ceiling was not high. He knocked himself out. My father was out cold for a long time.

When he finally woke up he said that he had a headache. My mother just laughed. It was almost 12:30 p.m. My mother made lunch and we ate. After lunch my mother and I went for a boat ride. She was driving. I had a great time. We saw some ducks with



their baby chicks and we saw some other animals. We went far. We drove the boat for about two hours. We had a 15 horsepower.

It was fun up until we saw a whirlpool. It was already close when we saw it. My mother tried to turn but it was too late. We tipped over. I went splashing into the water and was pulled into the whirlpool. I went about one quarter way down its trough. It was very deep. Then the whirlpool let go of us. I surfaced, trying to catch my breath.

When I surfaced I looked around to see if my mother was there; but she wasn't—she was still under the water. I dived back down and pulled her out. I was afraid. It was kind of hard to swim with my clothing on and also hold her. I was terrified that she had drowned. I took her to the nearest shore. I didn't know what to do, so I pushed my hands on her chest to get the water out of her. It worked. I was so happy to see her alive. I hugged her and told her that she was O.K.

After a while I checked to see where we were. It was bad news. We were on an island. It was going to be hard to get off this island. We were there for a long time. Soon it was getting dark. We began to get cold because our clothing was wet. My mother went in the bushes to gather up some staakunjsh (boughs) for us to sleep on. After we got the staakunjsh all gathered up, my mother made a fire.

She used two pieces of wood and rubbed them together. The wood started to get hot and burned. It took her about 15 minutes to get the fire started. It was nice to have a fire at night under the stars to keep ourselves warm. I took off my clothing to dry them. I wasn't cold anymore. I laid myself down on the ground and slept.

The next morning, when I woke up, my mother was already up. She was making a boat so that we could go home. When she finished the boat, we went out to get some flat wood to use as paddles. After we had found our paddles we paddled for about 20 minutes; but soon my mother got tired. So, I let her have a rest for about 10 minutes. We began to get hungry. We paddled throughout the whole day. At sunset, my mother said that we would be home in about another 20 minutes. We started to know that soon I would have family around me.

Dedicated to Thomas Awashish who lives in Mistissini. The author is 14 years old.

Honourable mention

Willie Frenchman

Anonymous
M.W.
Waskaganish

Once there was a man named Willie Frenchman. He lived here in Waskaganish. One autumn he decided he was going to go hunting. He bought everything that he thought he needed and he got ready. He knew what kind of day was good for hunting and he waited for that day. When the day came he left with all his stuff.

When he got there, he took out all his stuff and he started walking. He hunted for a while and he didn't kill any geese, only ducks. When it started to get late, he still didn't kill any geese. He decided he was going to go home so he got all his stuff ready and he started walking towards the boat. As he was walking, he saw some geese flying above him, but they were really high. He decided to shoot them anyways, but he didn't kill any. When he got home he told his wife that he only killed ducks and for the rest of that fall he didn't go hunting at all!

But the next year he decided to go out hunting again. He walked in the very same spot that he did the last year and one goose fell out of the sky. He told everybody that it took his bird one year to fall out of the sky. This story turned into a joke after a few years!

Honourable mention

Elders

by Terrance Duff
Chisasibi

Elders are very special people. They know everything in Cree culture. They can give good advice straight from the heart. Elders show to kids and other people how to hunt, make things and clean food. They love to go in the bush to eat traditional food like moose, geese and rabbit... They tell old legends about the great giants like the story of Atuush. Sometimes Elders love when someone visits them. In our town I think there are not many Elders but I am glad my Elder taught me and told me stories so I can teach and tell stories when I'm an Elder too.

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"My love for you grew"

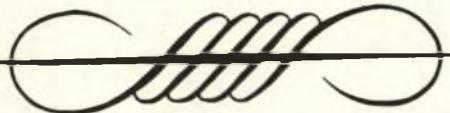
Along this shore
I found you with this warm smile
That I really adore
I couldn't keep my eyes off you
And I really wanted to know you
Because I was so into you
While I was watching you
You burned my heart with desire
And you're the one I require

When I kiss your sweet lips
I know I won't regret
And you I'll never forget
God created you perfectly it's like
You were sent from above
Absolutely beautiful inside
Just like the dove

Before I met you I was afraid
I won't find someone quite like you
And when I met you I was glad
And I can't believe it's you
My love for you grew

This message goes out to Sherry Ann Louttit in Chisasibi. My love, my one and only sweetheart.

Love always & always yours, Rueben Wapachee (Nemaska, Que.)



Alphonse

Alphonse was the only child born to Nancy.
Loved by her mother very much, letter her go was hard for him.
Problems started at a very young age.
Home was hard to find, but he never give up.
One night he found his love, a love that will be part of his life forever.

Nancy, she would have been very proud of her only son.
Still life was hard for him.
Endless nights of parties, he then decided to follow the right path—sobriety.

Dedicated to Alphonse Dany RabbitSkin, who has been sober for one year now. Congratulations and God bless you and your family. We are very proud of you. Thanks for listening to me when I needed someone to talk to. By the way Alph, I am taking the road of sobriety too. We love you very much, and again we are very proud of you.

With all our love: Awashish family at 440 Mistissini Blvd.

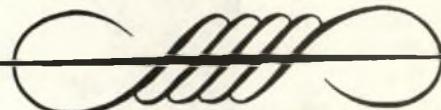
Son

If I could offer you the world, I would
If I could shelter you from this world's hate, trials and troubles,
I would
If I could help you to know nothing but peace and happiness, I would

I may not be able to offer you these things
But, I am able to offer you the most important thing of all
My Love; Take it and place it in your heart
Where no one will ever be able to take it away

May you always remember my love for you is forever
In my eyes you are special
And each year the more special you become
You are the reason for my happiness

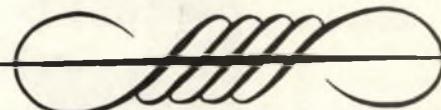
Happy Birthday, Sam



Take care

If I'm no longer child of the earth,
I no longer know where I come from.
I no longer recognize my sisters...
self-awareness is respecting
and caring for oneself
And protecting our Mother Earth.

"Peace"



You really make me...

I must be going, but first
make me laugh just once more.
Play once more so we can
dance don't stop singing...
When I've turned away,
then will I allow myself
to shed a tear.

"Peace"



Never to see you smile

My dear friend Suzanne, it's been over a year

Since you left us.

Never again to see you smile.

You always had a joke or two to tell me.

You made me laugh with your many funny stories.

But, I'll never see you smile again.

Even though you were younger than me,

Our friendship was very sincere and true.

It was very hard to accept your death.

But I know you are looking down on us.

Watching over and praying for your children.

The children you had to leave behind.

I might never see you smile again, maybe not in this world.

But it's a comfort to know

That you are happy up there with our Lord.

And it really warmed my heart

Because I know some day, I'll see you smile again

From your friend Margaret Sealhunter (Chisasibi)

In loving memory of my dear departed friend, Suzanne Chewanish Tapiatic.

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Dad

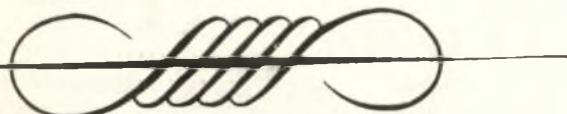
I'm not very thoughtful at times, Dad.
And I guess it's not often
I say "Thank you" for being a father.

I can look up the each day,
But somehow I hope that you'll
know, Dad, all the love

That comes with this too,
when I say that I really
feel lucky in having a father like you!!

I love you Dad.

With love always,
Your daughter,
Ann Marie Icebound



To Linda Spencer

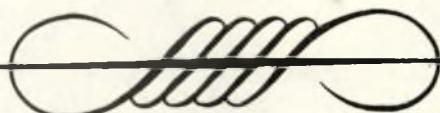
A very special friend

You might not have
realized, how proud I am to have
a friend like you.

You might not have
realized, how proud I am to say
"I love you my friend"
But most of all,
I want to take this time,
To tell you how proud I am
of the person you are inside,
you are truly a special person,
and I feel proud and fortunate
to have a friend like you

My friend, my friend, my friend

From your friend always Kathy in Chisasibi



Thank you to my dear friend Shirley Gull

My dear friend

We've shared the kind of friendship
That's grown deeper through the year.

We've seen the ways,
We've known the dawns,
We've shared the smiles
And tears

And through it all,
I've learned one thing,
That there could never be
A dearer friend in all the
World than the one
You are to me..

With love and friend always
Ann Marie Icebound

Grandmother

Grandma you are so special, caring,
loving grandmother.

Grandma I will always love you.
You wil always be there for me.

Grandma no matter what happens
to me or wherever I am, I will
always miss you even when you
are far away.
Through the past years, you always
took care of me.
I will always miss you, wherever
you are or wherever I am.
Cause you are in my heart with
full of joy and happiness even
through my bad times.
I love you, I will always miss
you.

With love always, your granddaughter
Geraldine Weapenicappo
Eastmain, Que.

*This is dedicated to my special wonderful, caring and loving
Grandmother Bella Weapenicappo.*

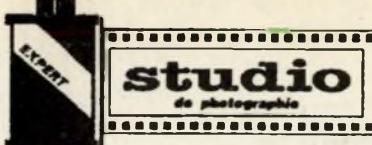


No one like you

I've searched everywhere and never found no one like you.
 You've given me so much faith and hope,
 Above it all is your love.
 You've taught me to love others the way you've
 always shown me your love.
 No one like you has given me so much respect and
 understanding.
 No one like you knows me better the way you know
 me.
 No one like you can ever take your place in my
 heart.
 You've given me the real meaning to life itself.
 I can keep searching till the end of time and I'll
 never find no one like you.
 No one like you is to my "dear loving mother"
 Florence Moses.

By S. Moses- Gilpin
 Eastmain, Que.

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*From the management of Photo Lab 3D'Clic,
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Our love was like Romeo and Juliet
I'm fourteen and you're seventeen
My parents didn't want me seeing
you, they've kept us apart.
I lost you, and you lost me.
But nothing will ever change my
love for you. So can we please, let's
put all of this behind us.

The past months when we went out
you really changed my life in a
very special way. I didn't know
what love was until I met you.
You've turned my life inside out.
Your love, your smile gave me hope
for a better tomorrow.

Whenever I felt down or depressed, you
were always there for me to bring the
laughter to my eyes and with love my
heart could share.
You cared and loved me more than
anybody else did. And I was no
longer Daddy's girl when you came
part of my life.

I've looked and looked but I couldn't
find someone like you. And whenever
I'm with someone else I'd rather
be here with you. I really feel I'm
in heaven and when I look into your
eyes and I know you're the one for me.
And I know I just need one more
chance to prove my love to you and
if you come back to me I'll guarantee
that I'll never let you go.
I love you!

From a girl who knows a lot about love



Bird...

The bird
Magically flies
A necklace about its neck

The water
laps ashore;
A fish jumps

The chipmunk plays,
A bird sings;
All is at peace

White, Red,
Sparkling;
Wine!

My heart;
Is at joy,
A bird is singing

I love;
the birds,
They fly

The sun,
Breaks through,
Blackened clouds
Bringing sunshine
Over my grave

by William Emmett Nicholls
Grade 8

CLASSIFIEDS

Mariah Diamond. She will be celebrating her 2nd birthday on Jan. 4. Love, your mom in Waswanipi.

We would like to wish our son Tristan Voyageur a happy 5th birthday on December 15th. We love you always. From your parents Blazo and Jennifer.

I would like to say happy birthday to my brother Glen on December 20, 1996. From your sister Karen and also to my nephew Tristan Voyageur on December 15. Happy 5th birthday.

I would like to say happy birthday to my favorite aunt Emily Bosum Jr. on November 24th. I love you. You're the best aunt I ever had. Love always, your niece Jessica Ice. xoxoxoxoxoxoxoxoxo

We would like to wish a happy 3rd birthday to our son Delmer Atsynia on October 21, 1996. Happy birthday son and many birthdays to come. We love you very much. Love always, mom, dad and your brother Thomas (Wem).

I would like to wish a happy birthday to Ghislain Ottereyes and a merry Christmas in advance! You're the sweetest and kindest guy I've ever known. I love your eyes when you smile, those tender lips when you kiss me, especially that touch when you have your arms around me. Remember when you said, "Even if you whispered, "I love you." to me, I'd hear it a mile away." Well, that moment I believe my heart skipped a beat! You're very special to me. Je t'aime, mom amour! Love always, Annika Vachon. xox...

Wishing a happy 21st birthday to our caring and loving sister Emily Frances Bosum who celebrated her birthday on November 24, 1996. Hope your birthday will be as special as you are. We love you very much even though we don't get along sometimes. With love, your brothers and sisters (Ouje) xox. P.S. Give Israel and Isaiah hugs and kisses for us will ya!

To Danish. We want to wish you a happy birthday on December 6, 1996 and we love you so much. Love, mom and dad and your bros.

23 years ago a baby boy was born. This boy grew up to be a good looking hunk. A year and a half ago I pledged my love to

LE PICK

To all my girlfriends- I know I didn't buy you anything. It's not that I'm cheap. I am just broke! I still love you all and wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year. From Boysh.

him. On December 14th he celebrates his 23rd birthday. Therefore I want to take this tie to wish my husband Brian and happy birthday and all of life's best. All my love, Lorraine. xox.

We want to wish a happy birthday to our sister Tiffany which is on December 6, 1996. from your brothers, Tristan, Theiren and JJ.

103-ANNIVERSARIES

I would like to wish a happy 28th anniversary to my parents, Maudie and Robbie Matthew on November 20. With love from your daughter Caroline. (Chisasibi)

300-PERSONALS

CALLING ON ALL BUDDING PHOTOGRAPHERS OF THE CREE NATION!!!

The Nation always needs photos of community happenings, personalities, the land and wildlife, traditional activities, Elders, etc. We can return them after we use them. See our mailing address on p. 4. Or please call us at (514) 272-3077

Hear ye! Hear ye! Still looking for that stocking stuffer? The new *Nation* calendar is now available as you're reading this. The Mother of all calendars is also available everywhere in the world.

If you have read the recent stories on domestic violence in the Nation and you have something to say, please call us, or send in your ideas, personal stories, testimonials, advice, or inspirations to the Nation at 5413 Hutchison, Montreal, Quebec, H2V 4B4, Phone, 514-272-3077 or fax: 514-278-9914. Write to, or ask for Marilyn Bearskin Herodier. Whether you are a man, woman, child or teenager. We look forward to hearing from you

Sub-lease available in Hull, Quebec, January 1997. 3 bedroom apartment, spacious, all on one level. Includes fridge,

stove, washer, dryer, dishwasher, fireplace and parking. Close to bus route, convenience store, mini mall, daycare. Please call Mina at 819-772-4326...

Morning Star: There is only one way. Jesus said: "I am the way, the truth and the life. No one come to the Father but by me." John 14:6. If you confess with your mouth, "Jesus is Lord" and believe in your heart that God raised him from the dead, you will be saved. For it is with your heart that you believe and are justified, and it is with your mouth that you confess and are saved. Romans 10:9-10.

Merry Christmas to all nine First Nation communities and all the best for the coming new years. God bless you all. Stay sober and have fun. Wemindji.

To someone in Chisasibi, Jeannie PW. How's the job going? Hope you got my last message. Write me and send me a few pictures. #49-2540 Upper Wentworth, Hamilton, Ontario, L9B 2K4. I'll be waiting.

I'd like to say hi to my friends, Orenda Loon, Nakoa Trapper, Johanne Ottereyes, Priscilla Hollands and of course...Steve Matoush! And also a merry X-mas in advance. Take care and see you soon! Friend, Annika Vachon.

I would like to say hi to Rachel Bush and Bianca Shecapio Blacksmith from Ouje. I miss you like a friend. I wish I could see you again! Chow girls. From a friend in Waswanipi. Jessica Icebound. C-ya. xoxoxoxo

Diane I. Gull. may the wonderful gifts of Christ be with you and your family this Christmas and may the blessings of the season remain in your hearts throughout the new year. Have a joyous Christmas! SS.

I would like to say hello to my family in Waskaganish, Quebec. A big hello to Susan and kids Esau, grandpa Malcolm, Sinclair Esau. I really miss you

a lot! Coming from Natasha in Moosonee and especially from Sage.

I would like to say hi to my very special friends, Annie Ottereyes, Annie Gray, Sheldon Gray and Annie Gunner's kids. I miss you guys a lot. Hope you guys are fine, you will always be in a special place. Hope to see you guys soon. Your friend, Stephan Wylde.

I would like to say hi and Didoe to DW in Nemaska. These past months you have changed my life in a special way. Your love, your smile have give hope for a better tomorrow. Love always, ?? Guess who! xox1/2.

I would like to say hi to my cousin Jane Blacksmith (The one with the sexy walk) So couz, how's it going in Mistissini without me being there to hook you up with guys? I know, I know you don't miss me and love e but you don't got to worry cause I'll be coming home soon. Well anyways I can't wait till Christmas, so I can see you all! And maybe we can all party! You know what I'm saying! See you soon.....! Love always, you cool couz, you know who! P.S. Do me a favor and say hey! to my other cousin Shirley Blacksmith (The one with the cool moves) Thanks!

Dear mom, (Hattie Coonishish), I would like to thank you from the bottom of my heart for everything you've done for me. If I could give you the world, I would if there were a gift to say, "Thank you mom...for how well you've raised me and for always being there for me." I would send it. But I don't think there could ever be anything I could give or say to show you the love and gratitude I have for you, mom. The way you always smile at me, look at me, comfort me and the way you say things to me that always makes everything for me seem better. Also the way you've touched my life of how you've always been a part of it That's why everyday I feel thankful for having you in my life, not only as a special mother but also as a friend. Mom, I love you with all my heart and nothing could ever change the way I feel about you. I carry your love for me in my heart everyday for strength, courage and guidance. That always fills me up with pride and joy to have you always as my

CLASSIFIEDS

mother. Again, I love you. Your daughter, Shirley.

I would like to say hi to Tracey Longchap from Ouje. I really want to see you. I'll see you someday. I wish I could see you! Love always, someone in Waswanipi.

I would like to say hi to Christina S____ (The one with the sexy lips). I will never forget you. I miss you very much. I can't wait to see you again. I've been watching you at the Ray Spencer Dance Competition. I would like to go out with you someday when you know who I am. From your secret admirer in Mistissini.

A pleasure to receive birthday greetings "From the whole pack" You have made my day!! Lots of love, Roberta.

I would like to wish my husband Henry Cooper and my children Dion, Nicole and Sarah a special merry Christmas. Though I've had my rough day, thanks for your patience and understanding and most of all, your love which is the nicest gift I've received all year long. Merry Christmas and happy new year. With much love from a wife and mother who dearly loves you all so much. Margo MC in OJ.

I would like to say to my friends in Waswanipi, Caroline Blacksmith, Carly Kitchen, Sarah Blacksmith, Suzanne Kitchen, Kimberly Happyjack and also to the other girls. Have fun. Don't waste your life studying! (Joke) (DPTM) Friend, NB (OJ).

We would like to congratulate our champ Jeremy Wapabee for being the first place in the badminton tournament in Whap. (Category Bantam Boys) We never thought you would make it that far, but you did! And also congratulations to Vicky Bosum for being the 2nd place in the Midget Girls category. last but not least to Clayton Neeposh who reached 3rd place in the Midget Boy Category. Wishing you the best of luck in next year's tournament. From your teammates in Ouje.

I wanna wish a merry Christmas and happy new year to my grandparents, Walter and Hannah. I love you both so much. All my love, your little granddaughter Carla T.C.

Hester. xoxoxo

Happy 1st Christmas to my little nephew Jermaine Jodes B. Hope Santa brings you lots of toys. I wish you joy and happiness in the coming new years '96. I love you with all my heart, don't ever forget that. With love always, Catherine H. xoxoxo (Waskaganish)

A special message to a very special person, Jack Vallancourt (Wem) who had made the most wonderful and happy times together that I will always treasure! I just want you to know how much I love and adore you with all my heart and soul! My love for you will never fade, it will always remain in my heart forever! You make my everyday as special as you are! With lots of love and sweet kiss!! xoxoxoxoxoxo Maren Saganash (Wem.)

I would like to say hi to Nina Metabie and Marina Longchap in Mist and Stella Jane Snowboy, Lena Pash in Chisasibi. From Lori Chakapash in Montreal. P.S. Take care girls.

We would like to say hello to David W., Thomas W., and happy birthday to Ronnie Neeposh on November 23, 96. Hey! Ronnie do you still remember us from last year? We drover around town in a red/white van. From girls in Chisasibi.

To Maggie, Ron and their two beautiful daughters, Yvette and Colleen. I wanna wish you all a merry Christmas and best wishes for every day of the new year. From Christine. P.S. Come and visit us soon here in Mist. and take care.

This goes out to a very special person in my life. Joshua RabbitSkin. I just want to let you know that I really do care about you and I love you. You know there is a very special place for you in my heart. Love always, U know me.

Merry Christmas and a happy new year to a friend of mine in Wask. Karen Hester. From your number one buddy in Mist.

We would like to wish merry Christmas and a happy new year to our family, mom and dad Irene and Isaac Matches, Rebecca, Barry and Juanita Bearskin, Christopher, Jeremylsh and Linda B. Matches, Freda and Dorianna Bobbush in Chis. Samson,

Peggy, Sammy Boy, Shellyish and Tommy Matches in Nem. Lots of hugs and kisses to all you kids and we love you all so much and we miss you. Have fun on the holidays. With love always, Edith and Gordon in Mist.

To my mom, Nellie Sealhunter. So many times when I should have said, "Thank you, mother." The words were never spoken, and so many times when I could have said, "I love you mother." I let those times go by... But today I want to let you know that I'll always love you. I'll always be grateful for everything you've done for me. So, here's wishing you a merry Christmas and a happy new year... From your daughter Margaret,

I would like to say to my friends in Nemaska, Priscilla, Cheryl, Evelyn and Natasha Moar. Sorry I haven't written you a letter all. Write back. Friends always, Jessica Ice-bound. Friends 4-ever. C-ya pals. Love ya!

Hello to my sister Anna M. Trapper and her little rascal Tyra-Lynn Trapper (Abonne) in Ottawa. Hey sis please, please take good care of that rascal of yours. Don't let her cry too much. She's so precious to me. Let her come and stay with us for a while. The house is too quiet without her here. I can't wait to see her again. I miss you both terribly. Elizabeth Trapper. (Mist)

We would like to say hi to a very good friend of ours, Priscilla Jolly in Mistissini. We miss the good times. P.S. Write to us. C U soon. From your friends, Sharon Blackned and Natacha Moar. P.S. Take care of yourself. xox (Nem)

I would like to say hi to a special friend of mine, Sarah Spencer in Chisasibi. So, how's life treating you so far? So, do you still have a crush on ____? Ha! From friend always, Sharon Blackned in Nem. C Ya soon...

Dear friend. I never thought our friendship would end. It's been a long time we didn't talk. But you will always be my friend. I miss the good times we had. I hope we will talk again someday. From your friend that misses you.

To the best lover, N____a (Mist). Here's a little note to let you know I've appreciated and enjoyed the last week of October

In all of our two years together. Thanks a lot for the memories, I will cherish them forever. What do you know, we might even get a little surprise out of it all. Take care of yourself and I'll do the same. Love always, Priscilla (Mist) XXXXXXXX.

We would like to say hi to Andrea Mamianskum in Great Whale. We miss you a lot. Hope to see you someday. From friends who misses you a lot, RL and QN in Mist.

We want to wish a merry Christmas an a happy new year to Rita and Robbie Mark-Stewart and family in Eastmain. Have a wonderful and safe holiday. From Caroline and Lillian Matthew (Chisasibi).

Wishing a merry Christmas and a happy new year to Gloria Gunner in Mist. Wishing you the best and may God bless you. Have a wonderful and safe holiday. From Lillian and Caroline Matthew (Chisasibi)

To a special girl I met in Val d'Or, Valerie Whiskeychan. I've been praying and thinking of you since I came home. Stand firm and let nothing move you. Write to me and tell me how you are doing. God bless you! Dorothy Gull, 72 Pine St., Waswanipi, Que., JOY 3C0

To my secret pal, Francine Awashish. When I had you name I didn't know who you were. I said, "Lord, I have to shake her hand." The Lord answered that small prayer. I shook your hand before I left that retreat. He is able to do immeasurably more than all we ask or imagine. Eph. 3:20 God bless. From your secret pal.

Good luck to John D. who had to be sent down to Chicoutimi. Get well soon. From the Nichols family in Mistissini.

To all the staff of the Cree Nation of Wemindji, thank you for making 1996 a good year! Let's hope that 1997 will be even better. All the best wishes, Boysh.

.Send photos of yourselves with famous and infamous persons (movie stars, athletes, singers... except Michael Bolton.) and win a mystery prize!!! Photos will be published in *Rez Notes of the Nation*. Please write name, address and small caption on back of each print. No deadline.

A Celebration of the Daily Lives of our Friends and Family.

*For your home, place of work,
or as a gift for someone you love.*

Nation **1997** calendar

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i MAGINE...



*A Painter without a brush
A Sculptor without clay
A Jeweler without tools
A Singer without a song
A Performer without a stage
A World without an audience*

Close your eyes and imagine this world
without colour, beauty and music

Support the dreams of tomorrow's artists and performers!

The Cree Regional Authority is pleased to announce a grant program aimed at the development of the performing and visual arts and literature in the Cree communities. Financial support will be provided to Cree First Nation councils and other organizations for events such as music and cultural festivals, cultural or artistic workshops, artist tours, theatre, and visual art or literary events.

Deadline for applications: February 28, 1997.

Grants will be awarded March 31, 1997 for projects to be carried out between April 1 and September 31, 1997.

Please contact Kenny Mianscum for further information on this program.



Kenny Mianscum
Anischaaukaamikw/
Cree Cultural Institute
project coordinator
c/o Oujé-Bougoumou
Cree Nation Headquarters
Oujé-Bougoumou, QC
G0W 3C0
Tel: (418) 745-3911
Fax: (418) 745-3426

**ON BEHALF OF THE PEOPLE OF
THE CREE NATION OF NEMISCAU,**



**THE CHIEF AND COUNCIL WISHES YOU ALL
A HEALTHY AND HAPPY NEW YEAR (1997)**

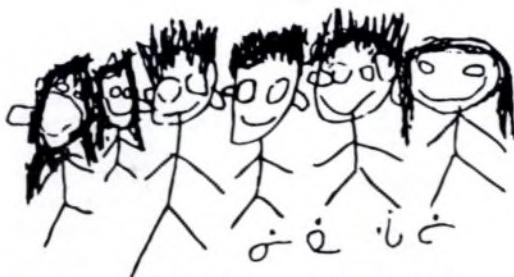
We have spent this past year (1996) concentrating on the issues of childhood in our community. We have had some successes and have learned from those programs which, while positively intended, did not meet the unique needs of our families and the children. We have experienced the laughter of happy children and the calm change which results from more families becoming healthy and happy contributing members of this community.

We do not intend to rest, however. We see our growth as individuals, families, and community as a planned growth which requires continuous care, training and review.

This next year we will be continuing with our community healing through programs and services which are developed to meet the needs and vision of all our members.

We are all in need of positive change and positive energy, and all our communities have the ability to change.

We encourage all the members of the James Bay Cree Nation to challenge themselves, support their families and follow their dreams.



1996 THE YEAR OF THE CHILD IN NEMISCAU



**The Assembly of First Nations
Presents the**

NATIONAL YOUTH CONFERENCE

**February 9-11, 1997
Halifax, Nova Scotia**

Many First Nations communities continue to struggle on a daily basis with youth suicide and other mental health issues and crises continue to erupt across the country. The goal of the conference is to gather Youth and Elders in a comfortable atmosphere to discuss and identify issues of concern, gaps in services for youth and to develop recommendations for a National Action Plan for First Nations Youth, with emphasis on Mental Health issues.

The importance of consultation with youth when developing programs and services for youth was reiterated in the Royal Commission on Aboriginal People report (1996).

"A lot of things that have been put in place for youth don't work because they haven't consulted youth themselves. It is time for us to start doing things as young people because no one is going to do it for us. We can't wait for the government or the community to do things. We have to work with them."

**Tonya Makletzoff
Yellowknife, Northwest Territories
10 December 1996**

The conference will concentrate on positive outcomes and solutions to many of the mental health issues that face First Nations youth today. Workshops on what has worked in the communities and how the Assembly of First Nations and Health Canada can support these community-based initiatives will be a component as well.

**Questions can be directed
to Penny Jacko or Carolyn Hunter
at the Assembly of First Nations, (613) 241-6789.**